My War, Your Problem

Weerd Science

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Every one of my lyrics when you hear it
it'll burn your face as sulfuric acid
If you're holdin' the microphone I suggest you pass it.
Hand it over quickly
Sickly's the only way I know how to drop it
Every time I kick it people look at me like my name's
Ripley's Believe it or Not
Got a wonderful time slot here at the Zero Hour
Been laughed at for rappin' ever since I was a little coward
By all the kids who towered over me
Overpowered me and beat the shit out of my face
Like it's the job clock in an hour
And how are we the ones who powered these machines
And we can't get nothin' done, we controlled by kings and queens
The unseen son, the one in the attic
Hope the dream don't come true
America, she loves you
Without us who would back up the groceries
Or price up the clothes that you normally don't see
On average joes, oh that's me
Little dirtbag rapper and glad to beI like my hip-hop dropped in tip-top condition
I keep on spittin' but no one listens
I must drop fire, I can not wait for a fall
This is our only hope, this is a war
This is a war*Every picture you see is a reflection of marketing
The targeting of certain audiences as only a major corporation could
It's simple: They feed you shit. Just stop eating it, genius.Run up in the Universal Office and find Doug Morris
Pound him in his office, his life ain't real pretty
Like bitches that sing choruses
These forces are forcin' us to try to relate
In spite of what they lead you to believe in the first place
Can't move in the city 'cause it's packed so tight

Everybody up in my business, dissin' the lyrics I write
Dismissin' my raps off their shoulder like the never happened
Actin' so thuggish like they tough like Tinactin
It's rubbish, it's all bubble gum to me
Nobody bumpin' me stoppin' by your record company
I'ma flatten MC's with platinum CDs
You see these two fists? They each got MT
Tons of Budweiser, got balls of steel wire
Like a sidewalk and supposedly ya'll are keepin' it real
But mostly ya just provoke and poke at me
And hopefully you remember your jokes to meI like my hip-hop dropped in tip-top condition
I keep on spittin' but no one listens
I must drop fire, I can not wait for a fall
This is our only hope, this is a war
This is a war*If ??? rap in you was approved by tests you'd see it's got nothin' to do with you.
The real gangstas are old white men putting these records out.
Hip-hop? That's the last thing they give a fuck about.*By any means necessary I'm buryin' advesary
Every vocal performance it's important to stary vary
If you wanna feed all then you got motorcall
And I'm on the line, we can meet at the grassy knoll at ten
Maybe rap was never hip-hop to them
Seems like it's just a cash crop to them
So don't claim you spit it proper then
This war must never end
I can no longer pretend to be down
If I die in a battle that's fine
I got a potion named Revolution number 9
I got a heart that beats for the art
This is hip-hop for the love
Not a 1 on the chartsI like my hip-hop dropped in tip-top condition
I keep on spittin' but no one listens
I must drop fire, I can not wait for a fall
This is our only hope, this is a war
This is a warThis is a war, this is a war
This is a war, this is a war
This is a war, this is a war

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